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Mary Walker
Miss Kelton



GARFIELD GLENER

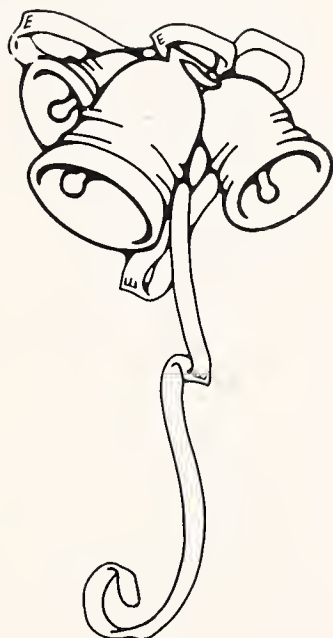
CHRISTMAS

1924



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*“I hear the bells on Christmas Day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men.”*

*The Gleaner Staff wishes to thank
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Mrs. Linscott,
and Mr. Blum,
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Edith M. Gay

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Graduation

FAREWELL FROM THE HIGH NINES

During the three years we have spent at Garfield, we have been assisted up the steps of learning by our helpful and co-operative faculty.

As the gardener sees nature develop his flowers and vegetables in his garden with real pleasure, so, in the same manner, our teachers find great satisfaction in watching the mental growth of their pupils. They encourage us to keep in mind the simple, basic fact that all success springs from thinking, especially when it is fortified by truth.

It is impossible to overestimate the services our teachers render, for their patient and devoted efforts to pass on knowledge from generation to generation help make us useful and beneficial citizens.

In deep affection let us hold them in memory as time passes by, giving them the warm appreciation and regard we all feel.

Rosa Bloom H-9.

THE HIGH NINES

Accamazzo, Josephine—"If e'er she knew an evil thought she spoke no evil word."

Adams, Carolyn—"Golden hair like sunlight streaming on the white marble of her neck."

Ahrens, Nicholas—"How his examinations result, who knows save Heaven?"

Alcorn, George—"A little curly headed, mischief-making monkey from his birth."

Allen, Jack—"From the desert I come to thee."

Allensworth, Norman—"A man's a man for a' that."

Apgar, Edith—"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman."

Ash, Lucile—"A perfect woman, nobly planned; to warn, to comfort, and command."

Bacon, Russell—"The dearest friend, the kindest man, the best conditioned and unwearyed spirit in doing courtesies."

Bailey, Jack—"Of all our parts the eyes express the sweetest kind of bashfulness."

Bashyte, Leslie—"While thou livest, keep a lively tongue in thy head."

Bartlett, Bob—"Some are born great—some achieve greatness—and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Beck, Willie—"Let me play the fool's part with laughter and with mirth."

Bellante, John—"He is so fond of good luck that he runs half way to meet it."

Bendall, Kathleen—"To those who know thee, all words are faint."

Berry, Velma—"Come and trip it as you go, on the light fantastic toe."

Bloom, Rosa—"She was good as she was fair; none, none there were above her."

Boles, Arthur—"The greatest art of a noble man is to know how to conceal his ability."

Boynton, Edward—"He is one of those wise men."

Brandstead, Betty—"Her heart is in her work, and the heart giveth grace to every art."

Brewer, Dorothy—"In her eyes all thoughts grow sweeter."

Briggs, Naomi—"She speaks as one who fed on poetry."

Brown, Jack—"Genius means the transcendent capacity of taking trouble."

Campbell, Chester—"He had a smile that glowed celestial rosy-red."

Carlin, Billy—"Good nature and good sense must ever join."

Chandler, Wm.—"His future is what he shall make it."

Chrislip, Margaret—"How easy is joy, my heart."

Clement, Newell—"He was a very perfect, gentle knight."

Cody, Vivian—"Full of fire and full of vim."

Collineau, Gabrielle—"Naught a word spake she more than was her need."

Condon, John—"Bless thee, bless thee, John, thou hast thy Latin!"

Connolly, George—"Silence is golden."

Conrick, James—"A good heart is the beginning of all knowledge."

Crittenden, Margaret—"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, that one small head could carry all she knew."

Dacha, Melva—"Those eyes so dark and deep."

Daneke, Hartley—"On his brow nature has written 'Gentleman.'"

Dè Boise, Joseph—"An honest man with a warm heart within."

Dechant, Peter—"Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds."

De Costa, Arthur—"I'd rather be sick than work."

Dehn, Ellis—"Talk to him of Jacob's ladder and he will ask the number of steps."

Dunbar, Doreen—"A lady of more magnetic mein, thy stature and thy beauty mark you as our queen."

Ebey, Ellison—"Do noble things—not dream them all day long."

Edwards, Glenora—"A rose with all its leaves yet folded."

England, Frances—"For she was jes' the quiet kind, whose natures never vary."

Fahrney, Majel—"Light or dark, short or tall—she sets a trap to ensnare them all."



HIGH NINE GIRLS

Farrar, Renard—"Oh noble soul, which neither gold nor scorn can bend."

Farrar, Stanley—"I know thee for a man of many thoughts."

Finley, Evelyn—"In each cheek appears a dimple."

Fox, Edna—"A person of beauty is a joy-maker."

Fraser, Kenzie—"Victory belongs to the persevering."

Firth, Helen—"Good nature and good sense are always companions."

Gastman, George—"Work makes the man."

Gay, Charlotte—"She's pretty to walk with, and witty to talk with, and pleasant too, to think on."

Gay, Dorothy—"O wad some Power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us."

Gerow, Nina—"Virtue alone is happiness."

Godin, Anita—"Heaven bless thee, thou hast the fairest face I ever looked upon!"

Griffith, Barbara—"There is a gift beyond the reach of art of being eloquently silent."

Hall, Marie—"Your ladyship and grace, what school can teach the rhetoric equal to those parts of speech?"

Hansen, Florence—"There was a girl and she was wise, and wondrous wise was she."

Hanford, Wayne—"Great men always succeed."

Hard, Gray—"All his faults are such that we love him better for them."

Harris, Gwendolyn—"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like the Golden Fleece."

Haynes, Earl—"We learn through work and labor."

Hazelton, Lyon—"I will speak daggers to her."

Hebard, Helen—"She looks so guileless and sweet."

Hebbert, Harold—"He is well paid that is well satisfied."

Herms, Herbert—"Besides, he was a professor."

Holdom, Philip—"A youth to fortune and to fame unknown."

Horton, Barbara—"Kindness lends joy to everything."

Howard, Lois—"None knew thee but to love thee, Nor name thee but to praise."

Hurley, Rose—"Rose! thou art the favorite child of dimpled Spring, the wood-nymph wild."

Jacques, Albert—"He is only a well made man who has determination."

Jagger, Jack—"Who can tell for what high cause this darling of the Gods was born!"

Jewell, Ray—"Consistency, thou art a jewel."

Johnson, Edward—"He is not merely a chip off the old block, but the old block itself."

Johnson, Elvin—"A brave man struggling in the storm of fate."

Keith, Reynold—"Kindness is wisdom."

Keeling, William—"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

Kirkman, Jack—"His eyes twinkled in his head aright, As do the stars in a frosty night."

Kumalethon, Martin—"A man of sense, a man of wit."

Lambert, Florence—"Sweet virtue, nobility's truest badge."

Rivett, Edward—"He does so much because he says so little."

Larson, Aileen—"The strongest passion which I have is honor."

Larson, Byron—"Toil is the lot of all, and bitter woe the fate of many."

Lester, Telete—"There was never yet a philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently."

Leyrer, Muriel—"The good are better made by ill, As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Liddicoat, Thelma—"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."

Lind, Victoria—"Charm strike the sight, merit win the soul."

Linscott, Esto—"She has two eyes so soft and brown. Beware!"

Lyon, Radford—"Oh happy years—once more, who would not be a boy!"

Macdonald, Duncan—"My heart's in the highlands."

McCarthy, Donald—"To get thy ends, lay aside bashfulness."

McGilvary, Mabel—"She is wiser than we know."

McGlauffin, Irene—"A laugh is just like music, it lingers in the heart."

McGrath, Harold—"An eye like Mars, to threaten and command."

Merrill, Arthur—"An honest man is he, and hates the wrong."

Mielenz, Harvey—"Originality is simply a fresh pair of eyes."

Miller, Hans—"The glass of fashion and the mold of form."

Mitchell, Dorothy—"Full of bliss she takes the token."

Moles, Virginia—"Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble."

Morris, Mark—"Nowhere so busy a man as he there was, And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Morrison, Volney—"He takes the joy that springs from labor."

Mars, Richard—"Oh what may man within him hide, though angel on the outward side?"

Murat, Elaine—"Sh! girls! Because of my size, I'm going to learn to Fletcher-ize!"

Neal, Linda—"Fair as a star, when only one is shining in the sky."

Nesbit, Jack—"A thought once awakened, does not slumber again."

Niebling, Gladys—"Tis being and doing and having that make all the pleasures and pains."

Nielson, Ingeborg—"A blossom in the sweet May field."

Patterson, Lois—"A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden by the eye."

Peterson, Julia—"A face with gladness o'erspread, Soft smiles by beaming kindness spread."

Porter, Willard—"Silence is a true friend that never betrays."

Racine, Irene } —"Two lovely berries
Racine, Regine } molded on one stem.

Reed, Malcolm—"Learning by study must be earned, 'Twas ne'er entailed from father to son."

Rhodes, Anita—"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"



HIGH NINE BOYS

Richard, Herman—He tastes the joy that springs from labor.

Robertson, Leckie—"Happiness was born a twin."

Rogers, Katherine—"To wake the soul with tender strokes of art."

Ross, Harry—Man lightens his labor with song.

Rush, Norman—A hearty laugh is one of the best soul restorers in the world.

Sands, Mildred—"Here's to the maid of bashful fifteen."

Sawyer, Helen—A smile is worth a hundred frowns in any market.

Scherruble, Muriel—"I do but sing because I must, And pipe but as the linnets sing."

Shafsky, Jean—She's pure as a lily and sweet as a rose.

Shelley, Ethel—"A rosebud set with little wilful thorns."

Simpson, Carol—"As pure as a pearl and as perfect, a noble and innocent girl."

Sperry, Janet—A fair young girl with strong and beautiful character.

Spotswood, Leslie—A studious boy of good behavior.

Sprigg, Jesse—"His strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

Snook, Elsie—If you want knowledge, you must toil for it.

Stallone, Antoinette—She is a scholar and a ripe and good one.

Steinmetz, Ned—All his learning is beaming in his face.

Steigler, Dorothy—Grace that nothing lacked of culture and appliance.

Stiegler, Edward—His manners and principles are suitable to any clime.

Stoner, Peter—"Creeping like snail unwillingly to school."

Strickland, Esmond—Everyone, pining and pale before beholding him, is comforted by his looks.

Swan, Morris—"Let us then be up and doing."

Talbot, Dick—"A man he is in honesty and truth."

Taylor, Leora—"Bend on me then thy tender eyes."

Tesar, Matilda—"It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear, that's a making the sun shine everywhere."

Thomsen, Vera—Sweets to the sweet.

Thompson, Fred—God helps those that help themselves.

Tibbits, Merick—Great always without aiming to be great.

Toussaint, Ruth—"A tongue that never fears the truth to speak."

Tyrell, Lillian—"Airy, fairy Lillian."

Vance, Maxine—"A maiden never bold, of spirits still and quiet."

Wales, Bob—Blessed are the joymakers.

Walker, Hollis—Silence is as deep as eternity.

Walker, Kenneth—We ought to have a good time on earth, because we'll be a long time dead.

Wallace, Bruce—Good nature is stronger than tomahawks.

Ward, Ruth—Speech is the index of the mind.

Warren, William—The world will make a path to his door.

Watson, Dorothy—"Conduct is the mouth-piece of character."

Wenton, Wayne—A moral, sensible and well-bred man.

Whitechat, Bonita—She is Beauty's own child.

Wilson, Robert—Art is the child of nature.

Wirt, Lincoln—"A being darkly wise and rudely great."

Wirt, Sherwood—"Young in limbs, in judgment old."

Wood, Pearl—Music is well said to be the speech of angels.

Woolman, Lauraine—"As I have a soul, she is an angel."

Wooten, Joseph—"Girl Shy."

Wrench, Alfred—One of our future citizens.

Zeuner, John—Smile and the world smiles with you.

Zimmerman, Mary—Achievement is the crown of effort—the diet of thought.

Zimmerman, Walter—His speech, his form, his action, full of grace.







GLEANER STAFF

EDITORIAL

When the bayberry candles burn soft and
low
And the hearth-fire is flickering bright,
When caroling voices come over the snow
And calm is the Christmas night,
Then the bells ring out from the old church
tower
With their message of peace and cheer;
Then the Christmas Spirit holds all in its
power,
The Christ-child is hovering near.

Betty Branstead H-9.

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

We are all of us planning our Christmas lists and thinking hard to solve the problem of brother, sister, mother, and father's gift, but I wonder how many of us are thinking of the true Christmas spirit?

Lowell's quotation "The gift without the giver, is bare" applies to the true spirit of our greatest holiday. Most people of today think more of buying an expensive showy gift than of giving a simple present and giving it with the true spirit—love and thought.

When the three Wisemen took their gifts to the Prince of Peace they took them because they loved him and because they wished to show their love. This was the origin of the Christmas gift.

In the nineteen long centuries which have elapsed since then, a great deal of this love and the "putting a part of oneself into one's gift" has disappeared.

In just a few weeks we shall all be giving our Christmas gifts. Let us try to make them have the same significance as did those Christmas gifts, which the Wisemen took to the manger on that first Christmas.

E. D. L.

KATHARINE ROGERS

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GARFIELD'S NEEDS

Garfield has much for which to be thankful. We have splendid, spacious grounds, a serviceable gymnasium, well-lighted classrooms and an auditorium which, though incomplete, will seat the entire school.

But—a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. We have two weak links in our school plant. There are more than 500 boys in the school, and the number is increasing, term by term. The only place for all of these boys to take Shop Work (required in 7th and 8th grades and elected by a large number in the 9th grade) is in the bicycle room, in the basement. Think of it, in a modern school like Garfield! We wish that those who think this is not a real need might be compelled to take Shop Work here for one week. Their point of view would be quickly changed.

The second weak link is in the science facilities. More than four hundred boys and girls are studying this wonderful and valuable subject, and for all their experimental work they have one demonstration table. Picture a teacher trying to make experiments clear to a class of forty, grouped about one table! There should be room for at least four tables in each of the science rooms. There should be opportunity for individual work. We have neither.

We need—oh, how we need—a detached shop building, similar to the ones at Edison and Burbank. We need, on the second floor of this building, four rooms for science, demonstration rooms, and class-rooms. We need, too, a room where the band and orchestra can practice. This might be, also, on the second floor.

The rooms now used for science in the main building are needed for arithmetic and history. The room used for the shops is needed for bicycles, which lie out in the rain. The band and orchestra must use the auditorium, preventing the other students from using it.

A chain is no stronger than its weakest link.

D. L. Hennessey.

THE CIRCLING OF THE GLOBE

Do you remember the day the World Fliers started on their long journey around the world? Some believed it impossible to accomplish the feat; others were skeptical.

After the planes had left the United States, we were in great suspense as to the fate of our daring countrymen. When the planes reached China, the greatest barriers seemed passed. With great apprehension we learned that England had started a flight in competition with us. Held in

suspense, we read everything about the fliers. We even listened-in on the radio to get the latest news. Our sympathies were with those who dropped out of the great race, and yet we were much relieved, for who knew what might have befallen our airmen, and rendered us incapable of winning the great victory?

What rejoicing there was when we heard that our fliers had completed the circuit and were safe in the good old U. S. A.!

We had been the first again! We have been first in almost everything since our country was born. If you have a good memory you will recall that in 1776 we were the first to break away from Great Britain and stay "broke!" Therefore, let's stay in first place. We are the pioneers. It is our duty to lead the way and let others follow. We are the openers of paths. "Excelsior," is our motto, so "Let us then be up and doing," and help to keep our country always in first place.

Arthur Boles H-9.

WORLD PEACE

Bang! "Ah! one more Yankee bit the dust," said the German sniper as he threw out his shell from the chamber of his gun and resumed his position in his favorite tree.

But did that sniper realize how the loving, old, gray-haired mother of that boy felt when she received the news? Did he stop to think how his mother would feel if he were carried home to her, no longer the happy, mischievous, lively lad or the future man of her dreams, but now gone—and forever?

Yes! you may say it's all in the war. But if that's all in the war, millions of mothers are pining and sighing their lives away to an earlier grave. How do the young sweethearts feel as they gaze on that gold star that has replaced the blue.

How does the young fellow feel when he comes home from the war? His pals of earlier life gone to a better land, he himself probably never to regain his former health, still horrified by the awful things in war, without a job and in a different world. He has accomplished one great thing, the bringing about of peace. It is surely our duty for the sake of the soldiers who fought and died in the war, to keep world peace. This was their dream, what they died for! Are we, the American people going to allow their dying hopes to be forgotten? No! For the sake of humanity and in honor of the Prince of Peace, let's get world peace and keep it. Then we can feel that they died, not without cause, but leaving a better, safer, more humane world in which their sons and daughters might live.

Fred Stripp L-9.





POETRY CONTEST

First Prize

CHRISTMAS LANTERNS

"Crusted with uncounted gems,
Those stars so distant, cold and true."
Like daisies in the early morn,
Through chaliced flowers bright with dew.

Those lanterns of the evening sky,
Shine in the distant lake below,
And whisper the wondrous Christmas tale,
Ever to those who do not know.

And if you ask the white gold stars,
That twinkle on the Milky Way,
If they remember, they will tell,
The wondrous story of Christmas Day.

ON CHRISTMAS EVE

"God reste ye, merrie gentlemen,"
I hark to the old, old hymn
As I climb the stairs on Christmas Eve,
The candle flick'ring dim.

The carols float on waves of sound,
Through the evening clear and still,
As the childish voices rise again:
"Peace on earth, to all, good will."

And my heart leaps up at the thought of
the morrow,
The happiest of days,
And I raise my eyes, up to the skies,
And whisper words of praise.

CHRISTMAS MORN

The blue and the white, the silver and gold,
What wonderful colors shine,
On my window Jack frost paints castles
and fields,
And many a rare design.

The sun is glist'ning bright and clear,
The wind doth sharply blow,
Ah, Hark! The caroling, too, I hear,
Come in echoes across the snow!

My heart is thrilling with gladness and joy,
My heart is light and gay,
As my voice rises high with a Christmas
Hymn,
On this wondrous Christmas Day.

Betsy Alling H-7.

Second Prize

AN ALIEN'S HYMN

Oh, glorious ground of Freedom's pride!
Thy memories in my heart abide.
No land but thee hath homes like thine,
In none more ardent faith doth shine.
No land with thee doth compare,
I long thy glories to declare,
America! America!

Telete Lester H-9.

Third Prize

WINTER

Outside a cold and wint'ry scene;
O'er all the snow, a silv'ry sheen.
The homes and farms are all in white,
A splendid silence, calm and bright.
No trace of road lies winding there,
All in whiteness, cold and bare.

The leafless trees all shivering stand,
Like sentinels who guard our land.
Stern, unbending, stark and straight,
Resigned with courage to endure their fate.
Their arms outstretched to God above,
In silent thanks for His wondrous Love.

The rippling lake lies frozen o'er;
Summer breezes waft no more.
The ice lies slippery, smooth and still
And merry youngsters skate at will.
Where lilies used to rise and sink,
The pond is now a skating-rink.

A belated wind sweeps over all,
And gently the snowflakes start to fall.
The brightness fades as night draws near;
Silence reigns, uncanny queer,
All but the wind, that moans and whines
With shivering puffs among the pines.

Elizabeth Barnes H-8.

BOOKS

I like to read in books of old,
Of knights so brave, and pirates bold,
Of very rich men, and ladies gay,
Why I could sit and read all day,
I sit by the fire when the day is done,
And read of the works of Stevenson,
It matters not whether false or true,
I think reading is a wonderful thing, don't
you?

George Fox L-7.

AFRAID OF WATER

(Taken from Life)

Shorty was afraid of water. You must understand that. He was chilled to the bone at the sight of that great monster, the ocean, and by the equally terror-inspiring bay.

All this was not without reason. When Shorty was two years old, (the time when most fears begin), an assinine uncle thinking he could teach Shorty to swim, threw him in the water, and he consumed so much of it that he had never forgotten that unhappy incident, even when he had reached the age of seventeen.

Shorty was a Scout. A good scout, too, everybody acknowledged it. He had been in the scout movement for five years and held the highest office his troop could give him. Next year his scout master, Mr. Wiseman, recognizing the boy's stellar quality of leadership, was to promote him to the coveted position of assistant scout master.

But there was one fly in the ointment. There is a test for first class scouts to pass which requires that they shall swim fifty yards. Shorty couldn't do this. And yet, it was his one great ambition to become a first class scout before giving up his position as senior patrol leader for that of assistant scout master.

Bl diligent practice Shorty had learned to swim, although water still held all its old terrors for him. He was to go over to Sutro Baths with some other scouts to pass the final barrier between himself and the first class badge. Mr. Wiseman and most of the troop were going over to Sutro, partly to swim, but mostly to root for Shorty.

On the way over he noticed that the bay was quite rough. This made him loose much of his confidence, he knew not why, but he wisely joined himself to his hilarious comrades.

The trip through the streets of San Francisco seemed ages to Shorty, but in a very short time really, they were at Sutro Baths. Shorty undressed with a beating heart and quivering pulse.

He went down stairs to the baths in a trance. It seemed to him that his fellows' hearty words of encouragement made him feel stronger and more able to overcome his fear.

Ah! He was off!

Five, ten, twenty, thirty yards passed, and still going strong. But a careless swimmer passing by gave Shorty a mouthful, and down he went.

Up again, with the old fear still strong in his heart. Ten yards more, with aching arms and bursting head. "There's no turning back now," said Shorty to himself. "Only ten yards more."

Stroke, stroke, stroke, stroke, three precious yards passed. There were no outsiders in the tank now, for they had grouped themselves around the finish line.

Two yards more and with a sob and a gasp down went Shorty. With fighting spirit still intact, he rose and continued his efforts.

Six strokes more, and Shorty, a victor in spite of his fears, crossed the line! Not a yard further, either, for down he went as he saw the fifty mark flashing by.

"Get him!" shouted Mr. Wiseman.

Willing hands rescued Shorty, and hauled him out of the pool. He went to his locker and dressed. "Oh, would the fellows never come? Would his head-ache ever stop?"

He didn't know he had so many places in his anatomy for muscles to ache. But he should worry, he was a first class scout. Gee! Think of it! Wouldn't mother and dad be proud!

Shorty was carried down to the street-car in a triumphal procession by his friends. The return car-ride was one long series of congratulations.

When he got on the ferry, he very wisely went below for a cup of coffee to stimulate his jagged nerves.

"Wow, that was good. Makes me feel like a new man. Guess I'll go up on deck."

As Shorty was strolling along the lower deck, he heard the stentorian cry, "Man Overboard."

With one swift, appraising glance, Shorty took in the situation. All the scouts were on the upper deck. Quick, something must be done, for twenty-five yards astern Shorty could see a wisp of white, which he knew must be a baby.

It had already gone down once. Throwing off his coat, Shorty dived after the marooned babe.

He made twenty yards without mishap for he was swimming head-on against the swell, but about five yards from the object of his efforts he shipped a sea. Would he never learn to close his mouth when he was swimming?

At last he had the baby safe in his grasp and turned around. Horror of horrors, the distance between himself and the boat had been trebled!

Shorty was a true scout, and scouts are always prepared. So, grasping the child with one arm, he set out to swim twice as far as he had ever done before.

How he made it he scarcely knew, for his water-logged boots hindered him cruelly. He did not know that a life-boat had been sent out after him, he did not know that he was picked up almost drowned and the baby almost as bad, while still a good distance from the ferry. The first thing he remembered was that he was lying on a bench with admiring deck hands attending him and keeping the crowd back, while a tearful mother was smothering him with grateful kisses.

And that's why the National Council awarded Shorty the gold medal for heroism, which is the highest honor the scouts can receive. And that's why Dan Beard called it "the bravest thing he had ever heard of a scout doing," for, as he said, "you conquered your fear at the time when most other scouts in your position would have said 'Let some one else save her; I almost drowned myself once today.' I congratulate you. You are a Scout."

David Lyon L-9.

DALE BROWN'S FINISH

The irregular hum of rapidly revolving motors quickly overcame the nervous feeling Dale Brown had felt for the past week.

His specially built "Daisy," with a straight eight Miller special motor, awaited him at the pits of the Indianapolis Speedway, where Dale was to be given his chance to show his skill in the first big race of his career. His assigned mechanic was just entering the driver's entrance with a truck loaded with accessories and a supply of gasoline for the monster racing machine.

Dale proceeded to the pits, and after fueling his machine, climbed to the driver's seat and with a relaxed feeling, let out the clutch and raced down the track. Once more the newcomer was himself, a cool, daring driver about to demonstrate his ability to the overcrowded grandstand spectators. As he rounded the curves he realized with a thrill that "Daisy" never ran better in third gear. Throttling the motor even higher, he threw the gear into fourth speed and was well satisfied. Driving around the oval several times, Dale finally drew up before the grandstand to receive expressions of encouragement from one who had promised—if he won the race. This encouragement was all that he needed and Dale left the stand with a small white glove, her token of good luck.

Hurrying back to his place in line, Dale waited for final instructions from the starter, and with a deafening roar the ten machines were off, with Joe Boyer, veteran of the racing bowl, in the lead.

Dale was riding calmly in fourth place, less than a rod behind Tommy Milton, his closest friend, and nearly ten yards in the rear of the car driven by Cliff Durant, also a warm personal friend.

At the end of the first lap Dale was riding in second place, a few feet behind Tommy Milton, now the pace setter. As they rounded the first curve, Dale threw his throbbing monster alongside Milton's Duesenberg, and, in fourth speed at approximately one hundred and twenty miles an hour, passed the leader.

Perhaps Dale's matter-of-fact driving was prompted by the presence of a dainty white glove in his shirt pocket, for after covering a hundred miles, his first race had netted him eleven hundred dollars "lap money."

Great indeed was the chagrin of Dale as he saw Harlan Fengler, a persistent "chaser," driving a Frontenac, spurt along side and for half a mile strive to pass him. Finally, however, the tug-o-war ceased when the steering knuckle of Fengler's car broke causing one of the rear wheels of the Frontenac to injure Dale's mechanic. Dale had to halt at the pits to remove the helper.

Without waiting for a new mechanic Dale dashed off, but for some reason the "throttle foot" seemed to have lost its nerve. Suddenly calling to mind the eyes of his sweetheart, and the little glove in the pocket nearest his heart, he put an added effort to his driving until he had reached third place. With a final spurt that brought the spectators to their feet, Dale swung

"Daisy" over the line to win the honors of being first. But that was not all that he won. He was seen to leave the race track with other than a mechanic. He also drove a record breaking race to the minister's house.

Dale Brown finished a marked veteran, a winner, and a happy groom.

Joseph Sheridan L-9.

THE HUMMING BIRD

"Whir-r"—A flash! a dash, and away!
As light and as swift as the steed of a fay.
A tiny jewelled midget peeks through our
green vine

Hiding in tangles of purest jasmine.
Seeking honey from these snow-white
flowers.

Enchanting, enhancing these lovely bowers.
Flitting and flutt'ring through shade and
through sun,

Black beads of eyes shine with mischief and
fun.

But who is this birdling, so blithe and so
free?

A throat of crimson rubies has he,
'Neath it, a necktie of emerald green
He may be swift charger of bright fairy
Queen!

A gay little elfin-bird, dainty and fleet
A-darting and finding gold nectar sweet.
But hark! He is off! To Fairyland gone!
Through dale and through forest, where
dance the young fawns.

Now, who can he be? Oh, haven't you
heard?

He's a tiny, tiny humming bird!

Phyllis Preston L-8.

THE HAWAIIAN

Aloha, in plain English, "Welcome," is the keynote of Hawaiian hospitality. The heathen Hawaiian, a semi-civilized savage, as self-satisfied modern man called him, is certainly more advanced in the arts of sociability and good nature than many modern men. In the twentieth century when the "struggle for existence" and "step-fast-or-be-walked-over" are the prevalent tones of every-day life, the easy-going, passive, "let tomorrow take care of itself" Hawaiian must go down before the aggressiveness and "business is business" policies of our more strenuous civilization.

In the land of "milk and honey" where one picked one's meals off the trees and sat the rest of the day enjoying balmy breezes under plummy cocoa-palms, it is little wonder that the Hawaiian saw no need of unnecessary exertions. With his customary hospitality, he welcomed gladly the strangers from across the waters, who gave him gin and whiskey in return for his cocoanuts, and shanty tenements for his plantations. But the easy-going, child-like, "the trusting-everybody Hawaiian" does not step fast enough and is left pitifully behind. And so, the Hawaiian will soon be a thing of the past.

James Hu L-9.

TO RAMON NAVARRO

(Dedicated to K. R.)

Oh King of Love, of heart-throbs wild and
pulsing,
Followed by flippant flapper and by dame,
By negro lass and lovely dumb bell, Dulcy,
Who blush quite red at sound of thy sweet
name.

Cast not thy soulful orbs on my friend Katy,
The poor young thing, I fear, will go quite
daff,
For tho she likes thy handsome beauty
greatly,
Her worship is a thing to make you laugh.

She stays all day at movies of thy making,
Sighing like the North Wind in the trees,
Her "comfy" home and fireside forsaking,
She cares not if she bake or if she freeze.

On earth thy darkly brown eyes' sheikish
beauty
Is the only thing that fills her fragile head.
She cares not, while she lives, to do her
duty,
And her "spook" will surely haunt you when
she's dead.

Take heed, my friend, send no films to our
city
That poor child's school work will go
straight way up the flue
And she, so bright, 'twould surely be a
pity
To waste her precious time on naught but
you!

Betty Branstead H-9.

THE TEXAN'S REVENGE

Hair Trigger Condon, the quickest gunman this side of Ecuador, was engaged to Sarita Atlar, the daughter of a millionaire cattleman of Horseradish, Texas, and the owner of the Square Circle Ranch. Sarita was a slender young maiden of seventeen falls, (none of them turned out disastrously) Her lover, Hair Trigger Condon, was a man who was so hard that he scratched the bathtub.

When the story opens, Kid Rush, the pride of Sing Sing, had just left his old home, and was riding on the fast morning milk train, bound for Bed Springs, Arizona. The conductor realized that the Kid was riding on a free ticket, so he gave him an invitation to spank the highway. Because of financial embarrassment, Kid Rush found it necessary to work. He got a job at the Square Circle Ranch. While he was working there, Sarita fell for him and his line, so she sent back Hair Trigger's ring, and told him that she loved another man.

When Hair Trigger got this news, his rage was indescribable. He immediately leaped astride his terrible truckhorse, Maria, and dashed across the plains puffing steam. He anchored Maria to the railroad track and went in search of Kid Rush, but he was not in evidence. A duel was arranged, however, for the next day at noon (Eastern Standard Time).

The next day dawned bright and clear (for Hair Trigger). Condon arrived at the

scene of the coming duel at half past eleven. Kid Rush was dragged to the scene by the nape of his neck, and tied to a post so he couldn't get away. A large crowd had gathered to witness the execution, (of the Kid). In order to scare the Kid, and show how good he was, Hair Trigger tossed a sinker, that was too stale to eat, up into the air, and took a shot at it with one of his young cannons. When the doughnut came down, the crowd rushed forward to see it, and lo! there was a hole in it! All were astonished to see the wonderful piece of marksmanship.

At twelve o'clock (Eastern Standard Time), the duel began. The men marched twenty paces apart (although the Kid could hardly walk) turned quickly, and began firing. Hair Trigger began firing, and a cloud of dense, black smoke hid them from the view of the expectant crowd. They heard Hair Trigger fire twelve shots, and Rush fire one in return from his little automatic that he had used to gain entrance to Sing Sing. There was a deep silence while they waited for the smoke to clear. Suddenly a gust of wind blew the smoke away, and could you believe your eyes? Hair Trigger lay in a pool of blood, his smoking shooting irons beside him! Kid Rush was leaning nonchalantly against a post, lighting a cigarette. Sarita fell into his arms, bearing him to the ground with her four hundred and sixty-three pounds net weight.

"Oh, my big hero," exclaimed she, "how did you do it?"

"It was easy," replied the Kid, "I went over to his joint and put blank cartridges in his guns."

Arthur Boles H-9.

MY 'LARM CLOCK

My 'larm clock is a trusty friend,
So I call him Busy Ben.
And every morn when I'm asleep,
He scares me quickly to my feet."

"But surely if t'were not for him,
Late mornings, I'd come strolling in,
So Saturday I do my best,
To let the 'larm clock take a rest.

Thomas Smith L-8.

AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A LATIN SCHOLAR

Several years ago, when I was a pupil at the Garfield School in Berkeley, it was the custom of the teachers to give four hours of homework every night. I struggled bravely along until I fell ill. My mother was forced to call the doctor, and after he had asked me a few questions and felt my pulse, he concluded that I had studied too hard, and should go to the country for six months, or until I should regain my former health and vigor.

So I went to the quaint little village of Vacaville, where I stayed with my Uncle Jim, and Joe and Henning, my two cousins. I had a fine time playing with my cousins on Saturday and Sunday, but when the dreaded day, Monday, came my two cousins and I went to the Union High School, where I continued with the glorious study of Latin

which had been the main cause of my brain fag.

There was a cobbler in the village who was noted for being the "champeen" liar of the village. In his own estimation he knew everything from shoemaking to Latin. We used to go in and ask him questions about our Latin, but the strange thing about it was that we made more mistakes with his help than without.

Pretty soon we began to get "wise," so we made up a sentence and asked him to translate it. It went like this: "Tempus fugit et ego pecuniam habeo," which means, "Time flies and I have money."

We told the cobbler that we were having trouble with that sentence and asked him to help us. He was very much complimented by this acknowledgement of his supremacy, and at once began to figure.

"Tempus," he said. "Of course that's storm. The rest follows easily. 'Storm on the sea; look out for the rocks.' At last we had found him out.

When six months had elapsed, I went home and resumed my studies, including Latin. But even now, I am helped by my friend, the cobbler, for often when I am feeling discouraged over some difficult bit of translation, my thoughts go back to him and the dauntless courage with which he met his Waterloo. Then I say to myself, "If he could bluff it through, so can I."

James Koford L-8

A MODERN DAY IN APOLLO'S LIFE

Apollo jumps into his aeroplane and starts across the horizon. "Guess I'll stop at New York," says he, and starts the aeroplane on her downward flight. The aeroplane and its occupant float over the busy crowd until they reach a parking space. Apollo jumps out and goes to his favorite brokerage concern. He goes up to the board to learn his fortune, "Aha, 'Ambrosia Consolidated,' 659 points. 'Bar-reled Sunlight,' 999 points. Sounds rawther good, dontcha know." He then strolls down the street until he meets Cupid and Venus, but look, Cupid is very different from the one we see in our books! His clothes and hair-comb are as perfect and stylish as Rudolph Valentino's, and in place of his bow, he carries a gold-headed cane.

Apollo looks at his wristwatch; he must go now. He walks to his plane, jumps in, and starts back to his proper position in the heavens.

Margaret Crittenden H-9.

A WISH

If there's anything I hate to do

It's surely wash the dishes,
And if a fairy came to me
And gave me just three wishes,
The first thing that I'd ask of her:
"Excuse me from the dishes."

Now you all know as well as I,

That really they're not hard to do,
And if your going to dine in style
To this one custom you'll be true;
And yet, somehow, in spite of all,
"Excuse me from the dishes."

Theodosia Stephens L-9.

GARFIELD SIRKUS

(With apologies to Kipling's Gunga Din)
Ye may talk o' plays an' shows,
Like a guy what thinks 'e knows,
Or of fun ye think that all the other schools
have
But ye' better come to our school, (it's an
above the par school)
An' you'll have the foolish feelin' that all
fools have.

Now in Garfield's friendly halls,
In October, all the walls
Are covered with posters for the Sirkus,
Oh, we all take home the word,
An' our famblies are absurd,
Sayin', "What ye comin' now for, tryin' to
work us?"

Oh it's run! run! run!
For a whackin' lot stimulat' fun!
There is candy and there's punch,
With sandwiches for lunch,
An' a lot o' side shows extry—only run!

Pauline Schuster L-9.

THE YARN OF BILL JOHNSON

A Base Ball Story

I can still see in mind's eye, the three hundred fifty odd pounds, that composed Bill Johnson's rather stout body, standing in back of the plate, ready to give the ball a swat that would make it hit Sheriff Green's chicken-house outside the city limits. However, Bill's power wasn't as advantageous to the "Ring-necked Coyotes" as it might have been, for when Bill got up to bat, the outfielders would "hoof it" for the city boundary, mayhap to catch a ball, but if the ball got that far, it would be too high in the air to catch, and running for it would be useless.

Although Bill was strong, he mixed his strength with brains. Finally he got onto the idea of whacking the ball onto the plate with his enormous strength, and thus send it into the air, giving him time to reach first base and sometimes second, before the ball got down.

On September fourth the "Ring-necked Coyotes" were scheduled to play the "Roaring Lilies," for the championship of Jones County. In spite of the fact that the day was cold and drizzling, people came from all over the state to see the game, and there was no thought of postponement.

Finally the game started. If you were to squeeze a great many fat people together, and fill in the nooks with skinny people, you would get some idea of what I saw from an uncomfortable perch in a tree. In the ninth inning of the game, the score stood 6 to 3, "Roaring Lilies," favor, and Bill was up to bat for the "Coyotes." What would he do? The bases were full, two were out, and the next man up was a sure "out." If Bill hit the ball into the air it wouldn't stay up long enough to bring the men as well as Bill, himself, in.

You could have heard a pin drop. The silence was not broken until—a whizzing ball shot from the pitchers hand—and then—whack—the crowd began to shout with excitement. One runner came, the ball was

still not seen, another fleeting "Coyote," crossed the plate, and still another, then even Bill came puffing up. The game was won! The crowd cheered hysterically.

Bill gave the crowd a comical wink, as the Lillies' catcher looked at his feet and there, not more than a foot away from the plate, was a small, deep, round hole in the sod, and in the bottom the lost ball!

Is Bill still playing?—no. He met with an accident in New York, and the last I heard he was helping Dunderbeck make hot dogs at the Circus.

Herbert Thelen, H-7.

MY BOOK CASE

I have a bookcase, in which are all the books I have ever read. Some are torn, battered, and partially forgotten, but there are many that are still whole and thoroughly remembered.

On the lowest shelf are the smaller books which, though once loved, are now almost forgotten, for they are the ones I read when I was a very small child.

On the upper shelves are all of the books I have read and liked; but the top row is reserved for my favorite books. "A Boy of the Last Crusades," "Men of Iron," Kipling's "Jungle Book," "The Talisman" and many others occupy this shelf, besides "Peacock Pye" and several other poem-books that I like.

The odd thing about my bookcase is, that it is never too small to hold all of my books; as my collection of books grows, so does my bookcase frow.

Everyone has a bookcase like mine, because everyone has a mind. For my bookcase is no more nor less than my own mind.

Pauline Schuster L-9.

THE APOLLO OF THE SKIES

After the hazy hours of morning have passed, far to the east where the horizon ends, I arise and greet the world.

I peer into darkened rooms and waken the sleeping children by gently kissing their eyelids with my sunbeams.

I make my way under the leaves autumn has left, and tiny flowers creep out and lift their faces to me.

I shine on dewy lawns and lakes and transform them into myriads of diamonds. The children touch them and smiles change to frowns of perplexity. Poor little souls! They know no care, know not what the future holds. Soon childhood days will be a bygone memory that flits past like a floating bubble.

I look into the courtroom! My sunbeams change a mother's tears to pearls. Each tear is a pearl, a symbol of purity and freshness. Would that she knew that, poor soul, as she clasps her son to her breast.

I creep into sickrooms and help ease the pain.

I creep into every cranny, crevice, and nook, and birds greet me with song.

When I am gone all is sad.

I am the Sun, "the eye with which the universe beholds itself and knows itself divine."

Gladys Niebling H-9.

THE TRAVELING BROOKLET

Gurgling over ferns and moss
Farther on to leap
With arms widespread to pools below
Where sweet azaleas creep.
Tumbling on beneath the rocks,
Sunflecked, where flowers bend,
Where bright-hued songsters gaily trill
The brooklet sea-ward wends.

Sweetly asleep in forest dells
Where timid violets shrink
From dusty hikers, tired and warm
Who stop to rest and drink.
Rushing wildly, full of life,
O'er boulders huge and stern
Lingering here and there to speak
To some caressing fern.

Straying idly in the moonlight
'Neath the whispering trees,
Happy for the peace night brings
Rippling with the breeze.
Singing softly all the night long
Serenades to nature's own,
Then slips into Mother Ocean
Thinking of its mountain home.

Betty Branstead H-9.

THE GOLDEN GATE

One day I took a walk into the hills. I was tired and looked around for a place to rest. There was a beautiful spot not far off where one could see right through the Golden Gate. As I was resting I went back over the years, and this is what I saw.

An Indian was standing on a rock, not very far from me. He had one hand shading his eyes looking towards the Golden Gate. Just then a number of war canoes appeared through the Gate. He stood as if counting them, and then disappeared among the trees, probably to give warning to his tribe that an enemy was coming. Suddenly the scene changed. I saw three Spanish galleons come through and anchor in the harbor. Then I saw a settlement and a mission being built under the shadow of Twin Peaks, and the Mission Fathers peacefully going about their work.

After that, some Russians in their big bulky boats came nosing into the harbor, only to be sent about their business to make a settlement at Fort Ross. At times a few visiting Spanish ships would come through the Gate and anchor. Next, I saw the little town of San Francisco building up almost over night. The reason for these changes was—gold. In a little while the Golden Gate was filled with hurrying, bustling ships. As soon as they got into the harbor they were abandoned because the crew was so thirsty for gold. The Golden Gate certainly led to the Golden land. Soon I saw a large steamship coming through the Gate. This was the beginning of commerce and fame for the Golden State.

Filled with wonder at what I had seen I wandered on my way, only to wish I had been able to enjoy the excitement and adventures of those early days in California.

Eileen Halloran L-8.

First Humorous Prize

HUNKO'TIN

(Parody on Gunga Din by Kipling)

If you want'a buy a car
And your money won't go far
But you need it in your business pretty bad,
Then you'll find a little car,
That'll take you pretty far
It's the one that's satisfactory to be had.

Though its din, din, din,
You hear an awful banging from within;
But it takes you day by day
Faithfully along the way
Although it's just a little hunko'tin.

When you've had it near a year,
And it's filled you full of cheer,
Don't forget that I'm the guy who put you
wise,
For I'll guarantee you this
'Twill please brother, ma, and sis
And they'll surely send its praises to the
skies.

Though it's bang, bang, bang,
It most assuredly makes an awful clang
And although it's made of tin,
Over every road you've been
You'll find that it will always take the gang.

You had better take this hint,
Don't go off and buy a Flint
Or invest your silver dollars in a Star;
Please don't buy a Chevrolet
It will eat up all your pay
But to buy a Ford is getting one good car.

When you've had it quite a time
And it doesn't seem to shine
You will bring this old quotation into use,
Though I've cursed you and I've flayed you
By the honest hands that made you,
You're far better than a Packard, hunko'
tin. Fred Stripp L-9.

Second Humorous Prize

BOBBIE AT THE ZOO

Monkeys, zebras, and camels we saw,
And laughing hyenas that ate their meat
raw,
Elephants, tigers, and lions, too,
We saw in their cages that day at the zoo.

Monkeys were chattering from their trapeze,
They hang by their tails instead of their
knees;
Zebras and camels were there with the gnu;
I wished they were mine, that day at the
zoo.

Peanuts, and popcorn and ice cream, too,
Were up for sale that day at the zoo,
The laughing hyena was fine and ooh!
We had a good time that day at the zoo.

As I was walking down the path,
There came to meet me a great giraffe,
I ran back to daddy and Mr. McGrew,
Yes, that's what I did that day at the zoo.

The tigers and leopards and panthers so
black,
Were there, you can bet, but away at the
back,
The lions were sitting so fierce and so true,
Oh! they were pretty that day at the zoo.

But when we turned from the zoo you can
bet,
I wished I had every beast there for a pet,
And then I thanked daddy and Mr. McGrew,
Cause I had a good time, that day at the
zoo. By Jimmie Koford.

Third Humorous Prize

A HAPPY DREAM

One night last week I went to bed
As sleepy as could be,
But the sense of something left undone
Annoyed and troubled me.

I dreamed that I was back in school
The brightest in my class,
For whatever test the teacher gave
Was easy for me to pass.

She told me it was wonderful
To do as I had done,
And she promised me a whole report
With every mark a "one."

Next morning I went off to school
From all my worries free,
A victim of a happy dream
Which heralded tragedy.

In my first class the hardest question
Fell to my poor lot,
'Twas then that I remembered
That to study—I'd forgot!

Billie Carlin H-9.

A CONDUCTOR

Conductors vary in height, width, manner,
complexion and the company that they work
for. This particular conductor that I am
about to describe is very, very, short, but
what he lacks in height he makes up several
times in width. Yes, sir! He weighs three
times as much as any man four times his
height. You have to watch out because a
button is liable to snap off his coat or vest
and hit you in the eye. He never allows
any other fat person on the car, for fear
the two together would fall through, some
people say, but the real reason is that no-
body of any extraordinary circumference
can pass by him into the car.

Fatness isn't, however, his only trait. He
has a nose, whose perimeter is enormous,
and the altitude is about one third of its
perimeter. It is red and shiny, so shiny
that a man who was inclined to be a little
"hard of seeing", asked why they had the
electric light on in the middle of the day.

His eyes are little and squinty, perhaps
having been dimmed by his glaring nose, so
you see there are two reasons for his not
being able to see to lace his shoes. His
ears are also little and he has developed the
art of wiggling them at will, with which he
amazes the small boys who get on the car.
He also can wiggle his scalp, and that has
helped him to tip his hat to his lady friends
when his arms are full of packages.

His voice behaves much as if it hadn't
changed, as he says, "Step right this way,
ladies. All aboard," and with a ding, ding,
he is off to another station.

James Koford L-8.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Recess at Oxford? What scandals, what disclosures! We gambled! A mysterious box with minute, countless holes! Could it contain a potato bug? A mouse? A ferocious snail? Ah, no! Nothing so guileless! It was a wicked pin-box! A pin-box, where the evil-doer might obtain paper-dolls, second- (or third-) hand valentines or other such immoral things.

What is that child hopping around for? She should be taken to a veterinary-a-er-a-well, you fathom my meaning! Oh, it is just a game of Hopscotch! Sweet childhood! Such innocent (!!!) pleasures!

Yodellings float upon the atmosphere, sweet or otherwise. "Go in-n-n-n-n a-a-n-d out th' winda-a-a! Go in-n an-n-n-d out th' windah-h-h! Go in and ou-u-u-t th' window!" As we-e-e-e-e have done be-e-fore!" and that sentimental (page the censor!) phrase—"I kne-e-e-l becuz-z-z I love you-u-u," but let them rave on, we know how soon disillusion cometh!

Do Ed. Rivett and Dick Talbot perchance recall the story and poem still to be seen in the fast-fading and dog-eared "Carrier Pigeon" for 1920? Who can tell how many pencils were consumed over the notable one composed by the hale and hearty volley ball captain?

"Columbus said, 'The world is round,' " etcetera!

Ah! the magical name of Santa Claus! "Stockings hung up at the 'chimbley' with care!" And also, you of Oxford, do you not recall the perfectly scrumptious and thrilling way we celebrated Christmas? How on light fantastic toe we danced hand-in-hand around the Christmas tree? Boys not excluded.

But all remark together:

As childhood's links we sever
"Them days is gone fer-rever!"

Katharine Rogers H-9.

THE RISING SUN

When birds have just begun to peep,
And all the world is still asleep,
It seems that I'm the only one,
To watch the rising of the sun.

The glittering dew drops on the ground,
The sparkling foliage all around
And spider webs of pure silk spun
Reflect like gems, the rising sun.

The clear bright sky of turquoise blue,
The fluffy clouds, a rosy hue;
They float away as if to shun
The dazzle of the rising sun.

Then, in a glorious, golden burst
The sun, a ball of fire, at first,
Shines forth, as if the day were won,
O hail the victory of the sun!

I wonder just how much it's worth
To see the sun adorn the earth?
Oh what a picture! There is none
So gorgeous as the rising sun.

Doris Wilson, L-8.

THE RIVER

Down by the golden rimmed river
That flows into the treacherous sea,
Is a spot where my heart lies forever,
And 'tis there that I long to be.

There, where the birds warble sweetly,
There where the flowers do grow,
There my sweetheart will find me,
Where that sunshiny river doth flow.

The river, itself, rushes onward,
Into a deep, blue sea;
But it never once stops to think, that
'Tis there that I long to be.

My love was a fairy-eyed person,
Her tresses were golden and long,
As I think of the days that are over,
I remember the river's sweet song.

Dorothy Mollin L-8.

MOODS

I can't begin to tell all about moods and what causes them. I don't know if the moods are caused by the beating of your heart or the pressure of your blood. I know one thing about moods and that is that the scenery around you certainly can make you change your mood.

At different places you feel differently. That is, your moods change to different varieties. I think that in one day a person can have fifty-seven different varieties of moods.

I, speaking for myself, go through fifty-seven varieties of moods, while attending school.

In the morning, coming to school I feel that life is worth living. That is, of course, I am only in that mood when my algebra is finished and my English is done.

The next mood period seems to come at the beginning of the second period. I feel so glum now that if anybody hinted that he felt like committing suicide, I would say, "I'm with you."

The mood that I just mentioned, I call my algebra mood. The next great mood comes when the fifth period begins to dawn. If I am to receive a great examination paper, my heart begins to pound like a sledge-hammer, and my thoughts are glued to the examination papers. During the migration to Latin, my thoughts are in a happier mood, because, like Ichabod Crane, I get my Latin lessons by "hook or crook."

The dawn of a new era is coming. By that I mean the lunch period is in sight. I can't seem to find enough adjectives to describe the mood I am in. I feel as if life is one grand and glorious feeling. I'm not so grouchy and not so slow.

By the time school has ended for the day I feel as if I had digested all of Heinz's varieties of moods.

Josephine Accamazzo.

A PERFECT DAY

You have asked me to write of a perfect day
When all of the world is sweet;
And I've thought and thought that day to
find
When sad things and bad things were under
my feet.

I thought over the beautiful days of my life
But with joy there was always some sadness
there,
Some little blemish that marred the whole
But made the joy seem only more fair.

So I've come to think that perhaps it is true,
That as cracks in the diamond give back the
light,
And so make the beauty we prize so dear,
That the sad things make glad things more
bright.

And the perfect day that I hope to find
May be over the line of the Great Divide—
A day so perfect and radiant and rare,
I know that I shall be satisfied.

Adella Gay.

THE HUMBOLDT COUNTY REDWOOD FORESTS

After following the Redwood highway for
about one hundred and seventy-five miles
you come into the redwoods which give
the highway its name. The trees stand
like tall columns reaching their tops high
into the air to support the great blue dome
of the sky.

The reddish brown bark of the trees
make the whole atmosphere redden, and
gives trees, shrubs, and ferns a peculiar red
glow.

These redwoods grow in groups of ten
around the stump of some fallen monarch of
the forest. Many of the trees are dedicated
to famous men. Also several of the most
magnificent trees are dedicated to the
world's greatest men.

The highway follows the Eel river for
over a hundred miles. This river is not
deep or swift, but flows along at a slow, rip-
pling pace and reflects perfectly every
huckleberry bush and tree on its banks.

The ferns and huckleberry bushes form a
carpet, woven by nature for her great tem-
ple.

All these trees, ferns, and shrubs com-
bined with the glistening, twisting, blue
river form a lovely picture.

Esto Linscott H-9.

THE BREEZE-BLOWN CLOUD

I saw a cloud away up high,
Between the earth and azure sky.
'Twas all alone and snowy white,
And floated like a breeze-blown kite,
I turned around and looked once more,
And numbered sheep a half a score.
Upon that cloud they stood as still,
As the old oak trees on yonder hill.
Of course they were not really sheep,
Because they did not walk or leap.
I thought this then; I spoke aloud,
"They're only designs on the breeze-blown
cloud."

Gertrude Prusso L-8.

ROOKIE, A DOG STORY

I am a homely, shaggy-haired airdale, born
in the movie colony at Hollywood. My first
master was Theodore Roberts, the greatest
character actor that ever came on the stage.
If it hadn't been for the veterinary who cut
my tail, I might have been a movie actor
myself, for when I was a puppy, and was in
a basket with my sisters and brothers, a
man came from the Lasky studio, and
wanted one of us to be trained to act in the
movies. He picked me up first, and said,
"This is a nice-looking little fellow; I think
I'll take him." My master, Mr. Roberts,
said, "Oh, don't take him, his tail is too
long." So the man took my brother Scout
instead. Just for that extra joint in my
tail the movies missed a great dog. I was
certainly disappointed, but I cheered up for
a few days. The awful blow came, however,
when he gave me to his niece and I was
sent away, before I had a chance to bite his
pet Siamese cat in the leg.

My new master took me down to San
Diego, where horror of horrors, I found that
she possessed a small son, who had the most
distressing habit of grabbing my tail and
pulling it with all his tiny strength. My tail,
short as it was, afforded a very good grip
for his small hands.

I was just getting settled and had a most
wonderful collection of bones buried in vari-
ous places in the backyard, when my master
moved to San Francisco. Oh, what fun!
Of course, I immediately started in to lick
all the dogs in the neighborhood, and I
finally succeeded.

A short time after we had arrived, I heard
my master say that my old master, Mr.
Roberts, was coming to dinner. I went out
in the back yard and strutted, for when I
was a puppy I heard Mr. Roberts say he
could tell a good dog by the way he stood.
I hadn't strutted long, when I heard the bell
ring, and I rushed into the house to greet
my celebrity. He reached down, patted my
head, and in a disgusted tone of voice said,
"O, what a dog. He doesn't show a drop of
his thoroughbred blood."

I was simply crushed, for I certainly
thought that he, at least, would be glad to
see me. I rushed into the back yard, and
hid under the back steps. It was then quite
dark, and as I lay there, quite sad at heart,
I saw the black form of a man climbing over
the back fence, and realized instantly that
he was a burglar. Ah, I saw at once the
chance of my lifetime to redeem myself with
my old master. I crouched and waited for
the man to approach near enough for me to
spring at him. All of a sudden I sprang at
his throat, missed, but got him on the
shoulder. The weight of my body was suf-
ficient to carry him off his feet. He yelled
and the sound seemed to fill my body with a
new strength. I held on while he, on his
hands and knees, dragged me across the
yard.

When he reached the fence, he stood up
and gave me a heavy blow on the side of
my head with the butt of his revolver.
Everything went black before my eyes.
When I came to, Mr. Roberts was bathing
my head with cold water and saying, "Well,
he is a good dog after all," and to my great
joy added, "I doubt if Scout would have
done as well."

Fred Glover L-8.

BOBBY'S SOLILOQUY

Papa put me in the attic,
It was dark and full of bats,
He kept me there for 'most five minutes,
Just because I ducked the cat.

Mama locked me in the closet,
It was awful "spooky" there,
It's a ter'ble, ter'ble punishment,
Just for pullin' sister's hair.

Papa took me to the woodshed,
I won't tell what happened there,
He told me that I'd learned my lesson,
For throwin' rocks at Johnston's mare.

But when the day was over,
I guessed it was worth while,
Because with all my trouble,
I made my sweetie smile.

James Koford L-8-S.

A PROMISE

It was a typical Italian day, the sun was shining and a cool breeze was blowing. Through the narrow streets of Rome flowed a rushing stream of people toward the Colosseum, for today the Emperor was giving a fine show. In the gladiators' quarters, many were sharpening weapons or fixing armor. Standing by an open window was a young man, who from his appearance, was from one of the Northern Roman Dioceses, either Britain or Germany. An old man approached him.

"Swain," said the old man, "as you know, we fight tomorrow and I have a feeling that I will not come out of the Colosseum alive. My eye has become dim and my limbs less active ever since your father's death. Before we go into the Colosseum, I entrust to you this gold arm band. When our town was sacked by the Romans, my son and I became separated. He wore an armband like this, and if you ever see a man with a gold arm band do all you can for him as he is my son." That day the old man fell, but Swain survived.

For ten years Swain fought in the Colosseum, and neither man nor beast had been able to stand against him. He was said to be the best gladiator in Rome.

When the Emperor returned from his wars, in which he conquered a part of Northern France, he brought with him a number of captives, one of which, because of his size and skill, was chosen to fight in the Colosseum.

All day the circus went on with many exciting things to interest the people. Finally the contestants dwindled down until Swain and the young man were the only ones left. As they faced each other, a hush came over the crowd, broken only by the clash of their arms. Swain had found a worthy opponent in the new-comer.

He let the young man do most of the

fighting, being content to parry the blows. When his opponent became more and more tired, Swain began to give blows. They were fighting in front of the Emperor's box. Swain made a feint for the other's head and then shot in two short jabs. The new comer lay on the sand. Swain stood over the fallen man to give the death stroke. He looked at the Emperor; his thumbs were pointed down. He looked at the fallen man. What was that that shone on the other's arm? A gold band! Swain turned to the Emperor and begged for the man's life. The Emperor laughed.

"Kill him," said the Emperor, "Or you will both be slain." Swain pondered, "What was this man to him?" It was true, a friend had asked him to help this same fellow. But was not his life sweeter to him than this man's?" "Hurry," snapped the Emperor.

At the sound of his voice Swain whipped out his knife and hurled it at the Emperor. It missed him but hit a guard. The Colosseum was in an uproar. Guards came running toward Swain. He stood over the fallen man and prepared to fight. Five guards went down before he fell under a mass of them. The people would not let the guards dishonor the body, but buried him in a Roman cemetery. On his tomb was written, "Here lies Swain, who preferred to die rather than to break his word."

Ed Rivett H-9

SAILING

I

I'd like to sail away off from here,
Out to the open seas,
Way, way off from lands so dear,
And see different birds and trees.

II

I'd like to go to Switzerland
And see the mountains tall,
And all the other countries,
I haven't seen at all.

III

Then I'd get on board the ship,
And sail away back here,
And see the same old birds and trees,
And our own land so dear.

Georgie Fox L-7-A

CHILDHOOD DAYS

As I sit here by the fireside, looking at the dancing blaze,
I wonder how 'twould feel to be o'er my childhood days,
How I'd like to be a grandame, with a lacy cap on head,
Or mayhap to be a greataunt and to lie all day in bed,
How 'twould feel to have a grandchild come and climb upon my knee,
And say, "Grandma, won't you read to me?"
I think, and then I wonder if I'd like my older days,
I would, but nothing's better than the present childhood ways.

Ruth Cawthorne L-9.

THE TEMPLE OF THE CHINESE MARS

Huddled between two shops in Chinatown, is the temple of the Chinese god of War. The sign says that it is a very sacred place—so sacred that a chaperon is not needed. It looks rather desolate with its long, empty corridor and gaunt courtyard. It is still more desolate when you climb the forty steps leading to the main room. To enter this room you must pass through an office-like room, the walls of which are covered with scarlet "cash."

Inside the main room it is mysteriously gloomy, and many figures of the god are placed in niches in the walls. Incense is burning before them, and bowls of tea and rice are offered. The face of the main figure is almost hidden, but you can see the glassy eyes gleaming weirdly. Gorgeous ornaments of satin, pompoms, and feathers add charm to this heathen place. It is cool and quiet and altogether beautiful and interesting. Anyone who has a chance to see it cannot afford to miss it.

Betty Branstead.

BAKING DAY

There's just one time I like to stay
Indoors instead of out at play,
And that's the time that mother bakes
A lot of cookies, pies, or cakes.

I like to watch her mix the cake,
Then into the oven it goes, to bake;
And if I help her all I can,
She lets me scrape the frosting pan.

The day that's best is cooky day,
When anybody'd stay from play,
One moment, then it's such a treat,
For cookies are so good to eat.

Sylvia Lilliand L-8.

A SNOW-STORM

First, tiny flakes come floating down from the darkened heavens. Usually they grow larger as they continue to come, until they are fairly good-sized. The small children begin to sing the Mother Goose song:

Old Mother Hubbard is picking her geese,
Picking her geese, picking her geese,
Old Mother Hubbard is picking her geese,
And throwing the feathers away."

Soon the ground is covered with these beautiful white feathers. They keep falling softly until the boughs of the trees are weighted with the flakes. All afternoon and evening the flakes continue to float downward until the earth is covered by four or five feet of snow. The wind comes up and blows the snow into beautiful, rippling, white waves. When the sun comes out the snow looks like an ocean of tiny diamonds. Nothing is prettier than a rippling, unbroken ocean of sparkling snow.

A snow storm is a pleasant thing for children. It means two forts and two opposing sides. Snow balls fly back and forth and the dear, high laughter of children rings through the air. Back and forth, back and forth fly the white balls until either the children are called in or one side surrenders to the other side. A snow storm is certainly enjoyed by everyone but most of all, by the children.

Beryl Keckley H-8.





EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE



STUDENT CABINET



STUDENT LEADERS

Handwritten note: 1922

Handwritten note: Dick Brock

GARFIELD STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Not long after the beginning of this semester, a number of our Garfield teachers were surprised at being waited upon by a committee of five boys in the interests of a Student Association. This was indeed a very agreeable surprise, as each of us realized the need for such an organization, and the fact that the initiative came from the students seemed especially favorable to the ultimate success of our Garfield Student Association. Due credit should be given to the president, Harold McGrath, who conceived the plan and has worked untiringly for its success. His example of vision, leadership, and co-operation sets a high standard for those who succeed him.

Space will not permit any adequate discussion of the activities of the association. The details of the organization of a student body of a thousand pupils have meant constant work, but there has never been a question of workers. Each one, from the president to our smallest seventh grader, has welcomed any opportunity to aid the association.

Much remains to be done, but the foundation is fairly laid. The constitution has been compiled by a committee of fifteen students; the membership drive finished with nine hundred sixty-five paid up members; the officers for the semester duly installed, the elections having taken place the day after the National elections, the procedure of balloting simulating that of the day before as nearly as possible; and finally, the plan of student self-government is in progress. It is the earnest hope of all concerned that, by the close of the semester, this plan will have justified itself; that the officers for this semester will have successfully completed their work and relinquished the reins to their successors; and that the Garfield Student Association will be a functioning reality in the school life of each and every pupil.

Bruce L. Zimmerman.

ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

The constitution of the Garfield Student Association was adopted on Oct. 17, 1924, at a general meeting of all the Garfield students. The constitution was read to the

Student Body by the committee, each person on the committee reading the article on which he had worked hardest. After the reading, a discussion was held and Renard Farrar moved that the students accept the constitution as presented by the committee. Jack Kirkman seconded the motion and the constitution was adopted unanimously by the students. After the meeting, the constitutional committee disbanded, having done a good piece of work.

Harold McGrath H-9.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION ELECTION

On Thursday, November 6th, the final election of the Garfield Student Association was held. The 965 paid up members were divided into ten precincts. Election boards for the ten polling places were appointed by the president and voting allowed before and after school and during the noon hour and advisory period. Great interest was taken in the election as was shown by a total vote of 927 from the 965 members. The officers elected were: President, Harold McGrath; Vice-President, Gerald Neasham; Secretary, Lucile Ash; Treasurer, Dick Talbot; Social Secretary, Doreen Dunbar; Girls' Athletic Manager, Majel Fahrney; and Boys' Athletic Manager, Edward Rivett.

STUDENT ASSOCIATION DANCE

On Tuesday, November 18th, an afternoon dance was held in the gymnasium under the auspices of the Student Association. Doreen Dunbar, Social Secretary, had charge of the affair, and is to be commended for her efficient management. A charge of ten cents was made to all Student Association members and twenty cents to those without cards. Even with this nominal charge, the sum of \$23.50 was cleared which will go towards this issue of the Gleaner. The Social committee wishes to thank Mrs. Smith, Verna Anderson, John Condon, Jack Cardwell, Jack Jagger, Earl Wheeler, and Sanford Berger who donated their services in furnishing music for our good time.





GARFIELD ORCHESTRA



GARFIELD BAND

School Notes

ALUMNI NOTES

In thinking over the alumni of Garfield, and trying to check them up, we find them prominent in every conceivable field.

At Berkeley High, Garfield may claim many. Esther Cox, besides being Girl Commissioner, has a leading part in the Senior Play. Dorothy Baldwin and Olive McIntosh also play leading roles. In the Girls' Association play, Louise Craviotto had a prominent part. Horace Haynes is the editor of the Weekly News and of the school paper, Olla Podrida. Five others of the Garfield alumni are on his staff. Henry Whaley, just one term removed from Garfield, has already sung his way into prominence. Roland Elrod, the school artist, put on a clever skit at the vaudeville. Garfield is well represented in the Forum, the debating organization at Berkeley High, of which Mario Margutti is secretary. Harry Cobden made a place on the interscholastic debating team. Lin McLaughlin is yell leader, and certainly puts "pep" into it.

Helen Wagner is in Hollywood, and under the name of Joan Lowell, bids fair to become a prominent film star. Sooner or later Garfield is bound to get into the movies!

Garfield has also produced many stars in the athletic field. Included on the Berkeley High lineup this year are Jack Murphy, Walter Wyatt, Harry Cobden, Bayard Rucker, Tom Hutton and Willard Graham. Eldred Cooney has been elected basketball captain for the coming semester, and Willard Retelle is the captain of the water polo team.

The Mell brothers, and Dana Carey, Garfield alumni, are upholding the honors of the famous U. C. varsity. Let us again rejoice that Helen Wills belongs to us, and hope that in the future we may boast of other stars of equal prominence.

Ruth Waldo.

A MESSAGE FROM THE GARFIELD PARENT-TEACHER ASSOCIATION TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF GARFIELD SCHOOL.

Do you know that you have it in your power to realize many of the dreams that your fathers and mothers and teachers have had to put aside?

Do you know that in this world each one of you has a place and a work to do?

WE HAVE GREAT HOPES FOR YOU.

Mrs. C. E. Condon, President.

GARFIELD ORCHESTRA

Fall Term 1924

Glen Haydon, Conductor

1st Violins—Lucile Taylor, Dorothy Gay, Harold Storm, Jack Jagger, Ernest Benning, Norma Ellis, Mildred Grim, George Eltchinoff.

2nd Violins—Herbert Thelen, Stanley Marquis, Genevieve Gay, Edward Donahue, Lucile Grimsley, Grethe Vesper, Marian Matter, Mary Case.

Cello—Carroll Porter.

String Bass—Ethel Jenkins.

Clarinet—Norman Rush.

Cornets—George Thurston, Paschal Longaker, George Sense.

Melaphone—Harold Andree.

Trombone—James Luce.

Baritone—Harold Pearson.

Drums—Sanford Berger, Joe Muldoon.

Piano—Vivian Best, Maxine Swift.

GARFIELD ORCHESTRA

The Garfield orchestra made its first public appearance of the year at the Parent-Teacher meeting the evening of October 17. The program on this occasion was:

"Stony Point March".....Laurendeau

"Tres Jolie", waltz.....Waldteufel

"Mosaic", Overture.

Parents and teachers spoke very enthusiastically about the performance. On November 24, the orchestra played for the assembled High Sixth grades of the eight elementary schools in North Berkeley. For the graduation program, the orchestra is to play:

"Connecticut March".....Nassan

"First Smile", waltz.....Lagye

"Operatic Strains".....Seredy

The members of the orchestra, individually and collectively, have made good progress in their playing during the present semester, and the organization is one of which Garfield School may well be proud.

GARFIELD BAND

The prospects for the Garfield band did not look very bright at the beginning of the term. The members went right to work, however, and at the time of the parade for the school bonds, on October 31, the organization made a very fine appearance, attracting much favorable comment on both their playing and marching. New band caps, orange and white in color, were purchased from the "Sirkus" funds. The band, also, played for the volley-ball championship game and for the Armistice Day program.

The band also played for the entertainment given by the Parent-Teacher Association to the High Nines.

THE GIRLS' ADVANCED GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Advanced Glee Club has been organized for business this term. Our chief aim all through the term has been to sing whenever and wherever we are asked.

We have been called upon a number of times this term to sing for different entertainments. We were asked to sing before the H-9 Assembly. A few weeks later we were told that there would be a Sirkus on Oct. 10th. Twelve girls were picked from the Glee Club to sing the songs of different nations in the Melting Pot. On the day of the school bond parade the Glee Club led all the rest of the girls in the school.

We have tried very hard this term to make our Glee Club better in every way. We are under the direction of our able leader, Miss Bonney. We practice during the sixth period every Tuesday and Thursday.

When we leave Garfield at Christmas time, the Beginners' Glee of this term will be the Advanced Glee of next term. We hope that they will get as much good and enjoyment out of the club as we did.

Charlotte Gay H-9.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

November 9-15

"O for a Booke and a shadie nooke
eyther in a doore or out;
With the grene leaves whisp'ring overhede,
or the Streete cries all about
Where I maie Reade all at my ease, both of
the Newe and Olde,
For a jollie goode Booke whereon to looke,
is better to me than Golde."

Children's Book Week was dedicated to the children of the nation, and every library, bookshop, school, church, and radio gave special attention to the children's literature. Children's Book Week was designed to cultivate in the children an appreciation for the best books. It originated in 1919 when booksellers felt that children's literature should be improved, and so interest the children to read, because the books which a child reads have a large influence on moulding his desires for his future life.

Children's Book Week was appropriately observed in Garfield. The Public Library sent to Garfield lists of books for the different grades, and each pupil was given a list. The books listed were of general interest and excellent children's literature.

During the last three years our school library has grown with marvelous rapidity and is steadily improving. It is giving greater service to the school, and all the pupils are making use of the library. Most of the pupils in the High Ninth remember the first Library Day in our new Garfield School, on which the big drive for books was held. Each pupil brought a book suitable for the library, and soon, one by one, the empty shelves began to be occupied by children's literature.

This term several hundred new and attractive volumes have been added to our library, many of which were placed on exhibition during Children's Book Week. Many new editions of old copies have been added such as the new and beautifully illustrated book, "The Prince and the Pauper." Our

library has a beautiful new edition of the book, "Tales From Shakespeare." These are just two of the many new editions which we now possess.

National Book Week was further observed by all the classes of the school. One of the interesting features was that each advisor with his or her class visited the school library and listened to a talk by the librarian, Miss Patton, on new editions, good books that have been added, and interesting books that every child should read.

Our library has also received generous donations. Fred Glover of the Low Eighth has contributed a number of volumes, and through the kindness of Mrs. Glover of the Parent-Teacher Association, several dozen back numbers of the National Geographic Magazine have been donated. A card catalog of this material for several years back has been loaned to us by the Oxford School, and is now being copied by the pupils for our library. This catalogued material will prove of great value in reference work.

We pupils of Garfield should feel proud of our library and of the rapid progress it has made in the last three years. We must all join in and cooperate to take care of the books, and thus show our appreciation of our school library.

Thelma Liddicott H-9.

GARFIELD RADIO CLUB

The Radio Club held its first meeting on October 3. On October 23, we held an election. The officers are:

President.....Mark Morris
Vice President.....Alan Watt
Secretary.....Russell Runyon
Treasurer.....Robert Kleinhammer
Faculty Advisor.....Mr. Flanders

Mr. Haller of the Berkeley High School faculty, who is a radio expert, has been giving lectures on the history of Radio, resonance, different types of crystals and detectors. The last and the best of all his talks was the one on the audion detector and how it works. His talks have been invaluable, and only those who have heard him can appreciate what he has done for the club. His association with such men as De Forest and Cunningham, has enriched his experience and our club is getting the benefit. His talks are given every two weeks. The meetings between are cared for by members. The boys use this time for experiments or reports and code practice.

By the first of the year, the club will have a complete radio set of its own for experimental purposes and school programs.

Next semester the club will receive more members during the first month, at the regular entrance fee of twenty-five cents a term. This is open to anyone interested in radio.

Mark Morris, H-9.

THE PIANO CLUB

October 30, at Harmony, Mr. Haydon suggested to us that we organize a piano club. All readily agreed, so we organized ourselves immediately. The officers that were chosen are Margaret Christensen, president; and Barbara Davis, secretary.

THE LOW SEVENS

When we came in as Low Sevens, we were divided into different divisions. Most of us found that we were separated from many of our friends. But we soon found that it was very easy to make new friends, and in a week or so we acted as if we had known each other for years.

We are very proud to be able to say that we will be the first grade to go all through Garfield belonging to the Garfield Student Association. We are also the first Low Sevens to use the auditorium.

There are six Low Seven classes and all have shown their school spirit in some way. We are trying to make the student body better all the time, as all the other classes are doing, and we are hoping that the Low Sevens will keep up Garfield's standards and continue to be a credit to our school.

Daniel Popper L-7.

HIGH SEVENTH GRADE

This term the High Seventh classes have been very successful in everything in which they have participated.

There has been great rivalry between the different classes in athletics, but on the whole each class did its part well.

We were quite proud of the children who took part in the High Seventh entertainment. Doris Lee, a talented member of Miss Peterson's class sang and played beautifully.

Betsy Alling won the first prize in the poetry contest and Dale Sandifer won the third prize in the limerick contest.

Altogether we have had quite a pleasant as well as a successful term because we have all co-operated, and we are all looking forward to a very happy Low Eighth term.

Mary Elizabeth Moore H-7.

DOINGS OF THE LOW EIGHTS

The L-8-S has the highest score for boys' soccer teams. This class, when one of its prominent members, Sidney Bulla, went away, had a surprise for him on Thursday noon, October 30, 1924. They had ice cream, candy, nuts, sandwiches, fruit, cookies and cakes to eat, and played many interesting games.

Most of the L-8 advisories were 100% for Student Body Cards, but I regret to say that only one or two of these classes are 100% in banking. However, the tardy classes are trying to encourage children to have accounts, and to bank often.

The girls have organized themselves into teams, as the boys did. These teams are for soccer, and the larger classes also have second teams.

Most L-8's went to hear the U. C. Glee Club, and enjoyed the beautiful songs, the funny monologues and the other things very much, indeed.

From what I gather by the improvement in the halls, study-halls, class-rooms, and corridors, the L-8 Grade certainly has resolved to keep the Student Body laws, support its constitution, and abide by its motto: "All for one, one for all."

Phyllis Preston L-8.

THE HISTORY OF OUR CLASS, H-8

When our class came to Garfield, we distinguished ourselves in studies if not in athletics. We may have been beaten in the latter but, in the former—well,—"excuse our dust!" We all learned to spell in L-7 with the help of Miss Gay who deserves due credit. We also established a debating society, and much talent was shown in our class.

During this term, also, Miss Grover taught four of our girls a little Colonial play which we gave on Library Day.

When we studied Horatius and other poems in the H-7 many verses on its style were written by our poets.

We studied the Alhambra very earnestly last term and, although we made no scrap-books we took a trip (imaginary trips) to the Alhambra in our Boat of Dreams.

On Library Day our class represented various characters in Alice in Wonderland.

In this, our H-8 term, our Debating Society has been successful. Much talent is displayed in our orations by members of our class of whom the foremost are: Waldo Watson, Frank Scoonover, Billy Wentworth, and others.

In the Sirkus four of our girls were in the Melting Pot.

Billy Wentworth is our energetic Gleaner Representative and Ernest Schulz, Esther Shelley and Arthur Sconberg are the student Association leaders.

All in all, our class has been very successful during our two years in Garfield and we hope that we shall continue to be.

Elizabeth Barnes H-8.

THE HISTORY OF THE LOW NINES

Two and a half years ago, we, the present Low Nines, came to Garfield. We were nothing but ignorant little "scrubs", and at first found ourselves quite lost in such a large building. However we soon became accustomed to the ways of Garfield and felt very proud to be pupils there.

The next spring more "scrubs" came to Garfield, and as we were a little above them, we looked upon them as mere infants.

Every Sirkus, Library day and entertainment has been represented by our members, some of them taking leading parts.

In Athletics we have been very prominent. Many of us have big "G's" and stars. Some of our boys are on the base ball and basket ball teams, too.

During Boys' Week, one of our boys, Fred Stripp, was chosen to be the City Manager.

As Eighth Graders we felt much more important that we did as Seventh Graders, but now we are Ninth Graders and feel more important than ever.

Margaret Christensen L-9.

THE BANQUET FOR THE HIGH 9'S

On Tuesday evening, Dec. 9, the Parent Teachers Association gave the High 9's, who are leaving Garfield this term, a banquet in the cafeteria. This was a new departure from the usual High Nine party, and we liked it much better. It was a huge success, and we got to know our parents and teachers much better. Several speeches were made, and Mr. Hennessey gave us a parting talk, as we were leaving Garfield. The dinner was delicious, as anything prepared by Mrs. Weidlein always is. Several scenes from Twelfth Night were then presented. These scenes were under the supervision of Mrs. Gray. The characters were portrayed by members of her High Nine English classes. These plays were a very good addition to the party and added to its interest and originality.

We greatly appreciate the interest shown by the P. T. A. in our welfare and pleasure, for they have given us the greatest farewell party that any High Ninth grade has been given, I am sure.

Author Boles H-9.

THE MELTING POT

A most enjoyable program on "Sirkus" Day was the Melting Pot. Earle Brock as Liberty introduced the various characters that represented the different nationalities in our country. The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs furnished a background for every act by singing the national hymns or folk songs of each country as its dances were represented.

There was a Highland Fling done by several Highland lads and lassies; a beating of tambourines and a flashing of vivacious eyes announced the graceful Spanish dancers; a winsome French maiden was unsuccessfully wooed by an unfortunate Englishman who could speak no French; many other colorful acts were given and last, but not least, America appeared in all her glory to bless the subjects who had chosen her land for theirs.

Betty Branstead H-9.

"MAIDENS ALL FORLORN"

On the day of the High Nine rally some girls of Mrs. Gray's class, in order to do their part on the program, gave the play, "Mailens All Forlorn." We wanted to give something "different" and I think we succeeded. The girls who took part and the parts they represented were:

Esto Linscott	Bertha
Edith Apgar	Mrs. Maloney
Lucile Ash	Elizabeth
Carol Simpson	Doctor Jocelyn Denby
Lois Howard	Aunt Louisa
Telete Lester	Maude

The play was a short comedy in three acts. The plot of the story was as follows: Maude received a letter, while she and her cousins were at the seaside, from a friend in the city telling of the arrival of Dr. Jocelyn Denby, presumably a man. The girls prepared for his arrival and each was sure he would fall in love with her. Finally he

came and it was discovered that "the doctor" was a woman! Of course the girls were keenly disappointed.

The play was very ably given under the direction of Mrs. Gray.

Telete Lester H-9.

PERIOD FOUR

Period four is one of the most interesting periods of the day. The paper is passed and Miss Arendt tells us we are going to have a ten minute speed test. The instructions are to insert the paper, fix our marginal stops at zero and seventy, double space. "Is everyone ready?" No, Mary's paper is in wrong or John didn't hear the instructions." Everyone puts his hands in his lap until Mary and John are ready. Then the tense moment comes. "Hands in position! Eyes on your copy! Ready! Begin!" The typewriters then begin to click. Some go very fast, others go in perfect rhythm. I have found it more profitable to go a little slower than to race on, with mistakes keeping pace with you.

Another interesting part of period four is the rhythm work. We usually use the Speed Studies for that. Miss Arendt sets the phonograph going. All the pupils are expected to keep time with the music. A march is usually played because it is easier to keep time with. Although sometimes I get mixed up and have to start over, I think rhythm work is great fun.

Still another part of period four is budget work. It takes more time and work. There can be only one mistake on a paper. Many times I have nearly finished when my finger slips and there is another mistake. That means I must begin all over again.

Ruth Toussaint H-9.

HIGH Y

High Y has been started up again and the organization is much better than it was previously. Last term we formed our cabinet and had a High Y Club. To belong to it one has to fill out a card; then the cabinet votes to see if the person may come into the club. If a member misses three consecutive meetings, he is dropped from the club.

This term we also adopted a High Y pin which is worn by all the High Y members in the country. This pin is rather small with a cross and over it is printed "High Y".

There are two other schools that meet with Garfield, Edison and Willard. So far Garfield has had more members present than any other school.

The idea of the High Y is to get the boys together to know each other. Then when they reach High School they will know some boys from other schools. Supper is served, after which a meeting is held, and the members from different schools meet in separate rooms and there the events of the school are discussed. When the meeting is over, the boys take a swim.

This is one of the most enjoyable nights of the week. When you get into the Ninth grade, by all means join the Junior High Y.

Ellison Ebey H-9.

THE BIG "G" SOCIETY

The Big "G" Society was formed as an athletic society for all the boys who have won their "G's" in Garfield athletic competition.

We had our first meeting in Mr. Zimmerman's room. There was a heated argument between Robert Bartlett and Harold McGrath as to whether the members should be selected or whether all the boys who have won their "G's" should be let into the club, but we haven't come to any conclusion yet. Captain Edward Rivett gave out the "G's" to the boys on the High Ninth volley ball team. The next meeting was held a week later in Mr. Zimmerman's room. There we decided that the club should be a Big "G" Society. We also elected our officers. Dick Talbot was elected President; Ernest Rowland, Vice President; Robert Bartlett, Secretary; Renard Farrar, Treasurer and Edward Rivett, Sargeant-at-Arms.

Renard Farrar H-9.

FAMOUS SAYINGS I HAVE HEARD

"Now, pu-pells"—Mrs. Gray.

"Pour demain"—Miss Abbay.

"Stop this tomfoolery"—Mr. Rushforth.

"My A-7's do better than that."—Miss Martin.

"Stillness of person, etc."—Miss Gay.

"It makes me simply furious."—Mrs. I. Smith.

"Now, girlyies,"—Mrs. Brennan.

"I am sur-rr-prised at this little lad."—Miss Skinner.

"Now, do you want to stay after school?"—Miss Mally.

"This is text-book period."—Miss Patton.

"When I taught school in Wisconsin."—Mr. Hennessey.

GARFIELD

We think we have the best school
For many miles around,
We know we have as teachers
The best that can be found.

We surely have some Sirkus
And it was no surprise,
For when we pull together
Our limit is the skies.

We are having Student Government
And it is doing well
We have a Constitution
And our officers are "swell."

So here's to dear old Garfield
The finest school we know!
She's leader in all branches
And she's always on the "go!"

Ellen Smith, L-9.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

August 11—School opens! Everybody is delighted(?)

August 12—Mass meeting. "The early bird gets the worm," said Mr. Hennessey. Did you get the worm?

August 15—Second Mass Meeting. We hear "Aloha" sung in Hawaiian—Don't you wish you lived in Honolulu?

August 22—P. T. A. and Scouts give an entertainment for Jesse Sprigg. Raised \$600.—that's real school spirit.

September 1—Labor Day. We rest from labor.

September 9—Admission Day. Enjoy yourselves, for it'll be a long time 'fore you get 'nother.

September 22—Report cards come out. Some groans and some cheers.

September 22-26—Class rallies. Remember the old school?

Monday, September 29—Assembly after school. Proposition of Student Body Association brought up.

Tuesday, September 30—Big rally at 12:30. Send off for volley ball games. Garfield won all four games. Worth it?

Thursday, October 2—Another rally for volley-ball teams. Won again! Four out of four games. "Aint we got fun?"

Thursday, October 9—Volley-ball game with Edison. We lost three out of four games. Better luck next time. Circus assembly. Sample of program given. Wasn't Mr. Zimmerman a beauty?

Friday, October 10—Circus day. Wow!

Monday, October 13—School bond rally. Hope they pass!

Friday, October 24—'Nother rally. Glee Club sang. Some mockin' birds!

Tuesday, October 28—Limerick Day. "I can't make that rhyme!"

Friday, October 31—Hallowe'en! Did a cop get you?

Tuesday, November 4—Report cards out again. Bonds fail to pass. Boo, hoo. No shops. This is our unlucky week, eh, what? Poem Day; we got a few good ones.

Thursday, November 6—Our own election. We're good citizens; at least we all voted.

Friday, November 7—Free Dance. Some crowd!

November 10—Essay and Editorial Day. Results?

Tuesday, November 19—Short Story Day. A good deal of genius we've got. Dance, free? Well, I guess not!!!

Thursday, November 20—Assembly in morning. English lesson by our principal. We ain't got those kind of grammar in our school, does it?

Thursday, November 27—Thanksgiving! Yum! Yum! Were you sick next day?

Tuesday, December 9—Banquet for High 9's in cafeteria. Some eats, I'll say! Thank you, Garfield P. T. A.

December Graduation exercises. Report cards. Did you pass? Good bye, High Nines, Low Tens.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—Come back for work in January.

David Lyon L-9.



This page is dedicated with love and pride to
HELEN WILLS
who has won renown at home and abroad.



THE MAN WHO WINS

The man who wins is the ambitious man,
Not built on any peculiar plan,
Not blest with any peculiar luck,
Just steady and earnest and full of pluck.

The man who wins is the man who works,
Who neither labor nor trouble shirks.
Who uses his head, his hands, his eyes,
The man who wins is the man who tries.

James Hu L-9.



GIRLS' EIGHTH AND NINTH GRADE
VOLLEY BALL TEAMS



HIGH NINE GIRLS' VOLLEY BALL TEAM

The High Nine girls' volley ball team was ably instructed by Miss Stout and Miss Nombalais. The boys also did a great deal towards the making of the team. The girls themselves were very faithful in practising. Many times it was after four o'clock when they started home after many strenuous games with the boys.

The team started out with a bang by beating Willard. Our next game was another victory over Burbank. But our third game was won by Edison, though we worked with all our grit. I'm sure that if every member of our team was writing this he would thank the faculty and our fellow students of Garfield for their encouraging support.

Ruth Toussaint H-9.

THE NOON LEAGUES

Mr. Kilburn has arranged, throughout this term, noon games between the different advisories. The games are scheduled a few weeks before they are played and a chart is put up so that the teams can see just when they play. The games start at 12:30 and end when the bell rings.

There are four classes in the league—classes A, B, C and D. The best advisory teams are placed in Class A, the next best in Class B, and so on through classes C and D. The winning teams of each division receive numerals.

So far this term two leagues have been completed. They are the volley-ball and pass ball leagues. Miss Fraser's advisory received numerals for winning the volley-ball league and Mr. Zimmerman's advisory received numerals for winning the pass ball league.

A soccer and a basket-ball league have just been started. The teams are evenly matched so it is hard to decide who will win.

Albert Jacques H-9.

AFTER SCHOOL LEAGUES

At a meeting held in the gym, last October, four teams were organized.

The after school teams were made up of the boys who wished to play after school. Four boys were elected captains. They were Renard Farrar, Ernest Rowland, Robert Bartlett, and Albert Jacques.

The names of the teams are: Cornell, led by Albert Jacques; Bob Bartlett has the command of Yale; Ernest Rowland will try for a victory with his team, Arizona; and the Maine Lumberjacks are also trying for a goal with Renard Farrar at the helm.

The games are held every Tuesday and Friday. On Tuesday basketball is played, and on Friday, soccer.

The reward comes in December when the team with the most points wins circle G's.

The aim of these leagues is not only to develop the muscles, but to teach the value of good sportsmanship and clean playing.

Radford Lyon H-9.

LOW EIGHT'S ATHLETICS

Mrs. Iva Smith's Low Eight Advisory are excellent athletes. The girls have won every soccer game they have played and expect to win the honors of the Low Eight Girls' Series. The boys in this advisory are very good sports. They agreed to play the girls to give them the necessary practice to beat the other advisories. The first game played was extremely hard and interesting, and Miss Nombalais kindly volunteered to referee.

Ruth Meaker, one of the girls of the class, who is acting as Girl Yell Leader, had both girls and boys write yells for the class and the teams and was very successful in the attempt.

This advisory has the right school spirit and when the boys play other teams the girls go out and root for them. We hope that this fine spirit will remain always with both the boys and the girls and that they will be successful in all of their athletics.

Dorothy Martin Low 8-S.

SOCCER

About two years ago soccer was introduced as a school sport at Garfield. Since then, interest in it as a good, clean game has increased to a point where at least thirty fellows practice for an hour or more after school almost every night.

This is just a starter and it is hoped that even more interest will be shown in the game as time goes on. Then the soccer craze will spread to other schools. Inter-school soccer games will be played. Garfield will be prepared while the other schools will not. It may take years, but while we are here at Garfield, we should put as much effort into getting soccer recognized as we possibly can.

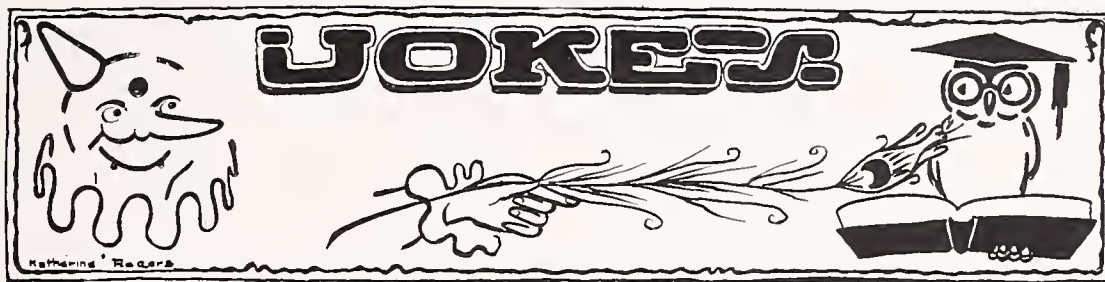
It's a good game, all right, we all admit it; a clean game with little chance to play dirty, with lots of running and puffing, a game of science and skill, a game that will leave one tired and ready to eat.

This means increased good sportsmanship, and after all, this is what we are working for.

Duncan Macdonald H-9.



BOYS' NINTH GRADE VOLLEY BALL TEAM



WHO'S WHO IN OUR FACULTY

1. Miss Abbay—The fat lady of the Garfield Sirkus ring.
2. Mrs. Archer—My bonnie Scotch lassie.
3. Miss Arendt—School flapper.
4. Miss Barry—Responsible for all indigestion.
5. Miss Bonney—"My Bonnie lies over the ocean."
6. Mrs. Brennan—The Town Suffragette.
7. Mr. Flanders—The School Bad Boy.
8. Miss Fraser—The Guardian Angel of High Nine Boys.
9. Mrs. Gavin—Deleted by censor.
10. Miss Gay—Authority on spelling. She spells words three ways, right, wrong and different.
11. Mrs. Gray—Mythology savant.
12. Miss Hamsher—Our New England conscience.
13. Miss Helwig—She uses cosmetic and bribes others to use them.
14. Miss Kelton—The Faculty dictator.
15. Miss Kidwell—See Miss Mally—below
16. Mr. Kilburn—The man who never hears any bells but wedding bells.
17. Mrs. Kilkenny—The Faculty mama.
18. Miss Kinell—"Bonny baby blue eyes."
19. Mrs. Kleeberger—"En Espanol."
20. Mr. Leland—The sober man who erupts funny things.
21. Mr. Liotto—The Faculty Caruso.
22. Miss Lowrey—"Bug" lady.
23. Miss Mally and Miss Kidwell—Friends in need.
24. Miss Martin—"Gallia est omnes divisa in partes tres."
25. Miss Nombalais—"Eyes right!"
26. Miss Patton—Nurse to battered text books.
27. Miss Peterson—Deleted by censor.
28. Miss Riley—Cleopatra propagandist.
29. Mr. Rushforth—He acts his part when ladies are present.
30. Miss Skinner—She skins 'em alive.
31. Mrs. C. Smith—The Faculty Forge.
32. Mrs. I. Smith—The Faculty Nightingale.
33. Miss Stout—Noted for her promptness and worries.
34. Miss Talbott—The Apostrophe Specialist.
35. Miss White—Garfield's traffic cop.
36. Miss Wilson—Wants school to begin at 7:00 a. m.
37. Mrs. Wirth—Helen Wallace's keeper.
38. Mr. Zimmerman—With boundless energy and unfailing good nature, where can his equal be found?
39. Miss Cannon—Everybody's friend.
40. Mr. Hennessey—The high monkey-monk of the little monkeys of the Garfield Jungle.

LIMERICK CONTEST

First Prize

There was an old man from Fall Riva',
He took his girl out in a flivva',
The car hit a tree,
She cried "Oh, dear me,"
"I fear I have fractured my liva'!"

Richard Mowday.

Second Prize

Celia, Amelia, and Delia,
Were three charming girls from Montpelia,
They wandered about
Till a tramp hollered out,
Quit flirting with me or I'll steal ya!

Gladys Farrar.

Third Prize

There was a young man from Bristol
Who carried a very large pistol,
He met Mr. Nash
Who had lots of cash
And said, "Hand over a fistful."

Dale Sandifur.

"There was an old man from Hoboken"
"Who fell, and his left ear was broken,
He went to the Doc
Who had such a shock
That he came very nearly to croakin'.

There was a young lady named Mabel,
Whose manners were bad at the table,
So sad to relate,
They set out her plate,
And now she eats in the stable.

I have a kitty named Buff,
She's exceedingly playful and rough
She jumps from the table,
As fast as she's able,
And looks like a big ball of fluff.

There was a fine lady named 'Neil,
Who went up in a big ferris wheel
When half way around
She looked to the ground
And it cost her an eighty cent meal.

Ex.

Sweet Melody (?)

Doris Wilson was cleaning the piano keys
and consequently making a good deal
of noise. Her mother called in,
"Doris, I want you to do an errand,
when you get your practicing done."

A dog is a small boy's pal,
But a big boy's best pal is a gal,
It's a pipe when he's old,
And later I'm told,
He wants neither pipe, dog, nor gal.
James Koford.

U. C. ?

There once was a football eleven,
That soon was reduced down to seven,
A football and suit
They took on their route
When they went from Berkeley to Heaven.
Seville Chapman L-8.

Apple Sauce

Ethel Jenkins reading her theme in English class: "Do you know any school where they have such good looking teachers?"—
Miss Peterson: "You won't need to read further. You get a 'one'."

Help for the Census Taker

Mrs. Gavin in Algebra: "Do you understand why Dorothy multiplies by five for nickles, ten for dimes, and twenty-five for quarters?"
Jean Patty: "Oh, yes, to get the census (cents)."

Jail Bird !

Rosa Bloom, translating Latin: "The river flows swiftly."
Miss Martin: "Past tense, Rosa."
Rosa: "The river flew swiftly."

Dead Harmony

Mary had a Thomas cat
It warbled like Caruso
A neighbor swung a base-ball bat
Now Thomas doesn't do so.

Seasons

Russell Bacon: "One swallow doesn't make a summer."
J. Condon: "No, but it sure puts spring into your step."

It Wasn't Deep Enough

Miss Wilson: "Now Herbert, will you please give us your poem?"
Herbert Thelen: "Little Mary slipped, in her haste,
Into a puddle of water
Up to her ankles."
Miss Wilson: "Why, that doesn't rhyme."
Herbert: "But the water wasn't deep enough."

Edith and Anita Walking Home

Edith: "We are going to have a real radio set with a speaker, and you don't have to have any ears."

Curses!

Dick Talbot: "Is Hans Miller a loud dresser?"
Ed. Rivett: "Is he! You should hear him hunting for his collar button."

The Nerve! !

Carolyn Adams: "What beautiful flowers; there is still a little dew on them."
Hans Miller: (absent minded) "Yes, I know it, but I'll pay that later."

Mixed Dates

Miss Abbay: "Pardon me, but may I speak to you a minute?"
Miss Fraser: (who was reading to class) "Yes, in 1788."

The Empty Vessel, etc.

Miss Arendt: "What is space?"
Les Barhyte: "Space? Space? Well I have it in my head, but I can't explain it."

Phew !

Mrs. I. Smith: "What is the national air of Italy?"
Alvin McKelligon: "Garlic."

Hashimuro Togo !

Miss Talbott: "Now I hope you will all have a pleasant vacation and come back to school with plenty of brains."
Automatic class: "Same to you."

For Her, Too

Miss Peterson: (after scolding pupil) "I wonder what this will be when I am gone?"
"Heaven," replied the class together.

Even in the Best Regulated Families

Mrs. Brennan: "Now, Ethel, to conclude our study of 'Cleanliness of the Home,' tell me why we must always keep our home clean?"
Ethel Shelley: "Because company might drop in any time."

Some Good !

"Aw, what good is percentage?" growled Tommy.
"Now, Tommy," answered Mrs. Gavin reproachfully, "don't you want to know how to figure batting averages?"

It Was Built in the Time of Famine

Miss Fraser: "Can you tell me what makes the tower of Pisa lean?"
Wayne Hanford: "I don't know or I'd take some myself."

Fresh!

Miss Kelton: "Marion, take your seat."
Marion Coolidge: "I can't, its nailed to the floor."

Six Feet Three

Mr. Kilburn: "Will someone get me a long pole."
Hartley: "I'm coming, Mr. Kilburn."

Yum, Yum !

Jean Shafsky: "What kind of progress are you making in cooking?"
Leora Taylor: "We're not making progress; we're making salad."

Must Have Had Some

Ed. Rivett: "Have you ever taken ether."
Geo. Wallace: "No, who teaches it?"

Maybe He Will !

Sherwood: "Say, Peter, they are advertising a \$20 job at the Insane Asylum."
Peter: "Well, why don't you apply?"

Try a Hair Cut, Too

Jack Pahl: "Mr. Rushforth, David said you looked like Abraham Lincoln."
Mr. Rushforth: "Huh, guess I'd better get a shave."

Not a Swede, Either

Leslie Barhyte: (making a baseball stand-ard) "Will someone get me a square?"
Dick Talbot: "Use your head, old man, use your head."

Soiled !

Mr. Rushforth: "Give a definition of water."
Lawson Butler: "Water is something that is white and turns black when I put my hands in it."

Poor Thing !

Miss Wilson: "Mary, move up to the front seat."
Mary Richardson: "What for?"
Miss Wilson: "Forever."

Good Night !

Miss Bonney: "Now you folks may sing, while I beat it."

How ?

Miss Martin: (in L-9 Latin) "Now, class, without looking at your books, we will close the door."

Poem by Harold Storm.

"Some people wash their faces
Each morning in the sink;
I use the drinking fountain
And do it while I drink."

A Pipe Dream

Herbert: "Did you hear about Bob Bartlett's accident in the game? Somebody stepped on his pipe, and he had to go to the hospital."
Doreen: "I don't see why he'd have to go to the hospital for that."
Herbert: "Don't you, eh? It was his wind pipe."

Page the Doctor !

Shelley's poems contain some beautiful lines—In one the skylark was soaring high up in heaven's bright blue. The line goes: "The abyss of heaven hath swallowed thee whole" but David Lyon, reading aloud in English class, said: "The abscess of heaven hath swallowed thee whole."

Who's Right ?

In Physical Ed.—
Mr. Kilburn: "Eyes right!"
Dick T.: "Who's right?"
Ed. R.: "Shut up! He's right, of course."

Sniper

Dick McNamara: "I'm the big gun around our school!"
Father: "Then, why don't I hear better reports?"

CHEW! CHEW! CHEW!

(With apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson.)
"Chew! Chew! Chew!
On your gum behind your book,
And I would that a mirror could show you,
How silly your faces look,
Oh well for the lovers of gum,
That they're blessed with tireless jaws,
Oh well for the looks of our school,
If we had some respected laws,
And a ceaseless trade goes on
At the store at the top of the hill,
But oh for the sight of a face in repose,
Or the glimpse of a jaw that is still,
Chew! Chew! Chew!
Till your jaws are aching and sore,
But the tender grace of a rose-bud mouth,
Will be yours, ah, never more."

Exchange.

COUNTING EGGS

Uncle Moses, an old negro, who sells eggs for a living, is very honest, but frequently makes mistakes in counting, by talking familiarly with his customers.

He visited Mrs. Samuels and the following conversation took place:

"Good mawnin', do you want some eggs today?"

"Good morning, Moses! I will take four dozen, please."

(Moses counting) "One, two, free, foh, five, six. How is your granddaughter? She mus' be mos' twelve years old."

"She is seventeen."

"Yo' don't tole me so! (counting) seven-teen, eighteen. And how's your youngest gal? She must be mos' grown."

"She is married and has two children."

"Wall' I declar! how old is she?"

"Thirty-one."

"Am dat so? (counting) firty-one, firty-two, firty-free. Yo! don't look mor' den firty-five yerself."

"Nonsense! I am forty-seven."

"I neber would believe it. (counting) forty seben, forty-eight—dar, forty-eight nice fresh eggs."

Uncle Moses went on his way rejoicing. The next day Mrs. Samuels said to her husband:

"We will have to discharge Maria because I know she steals our eggs. There are only a few left and yesterday I watched Moses count them, and there were four dozen."

Exchange.



